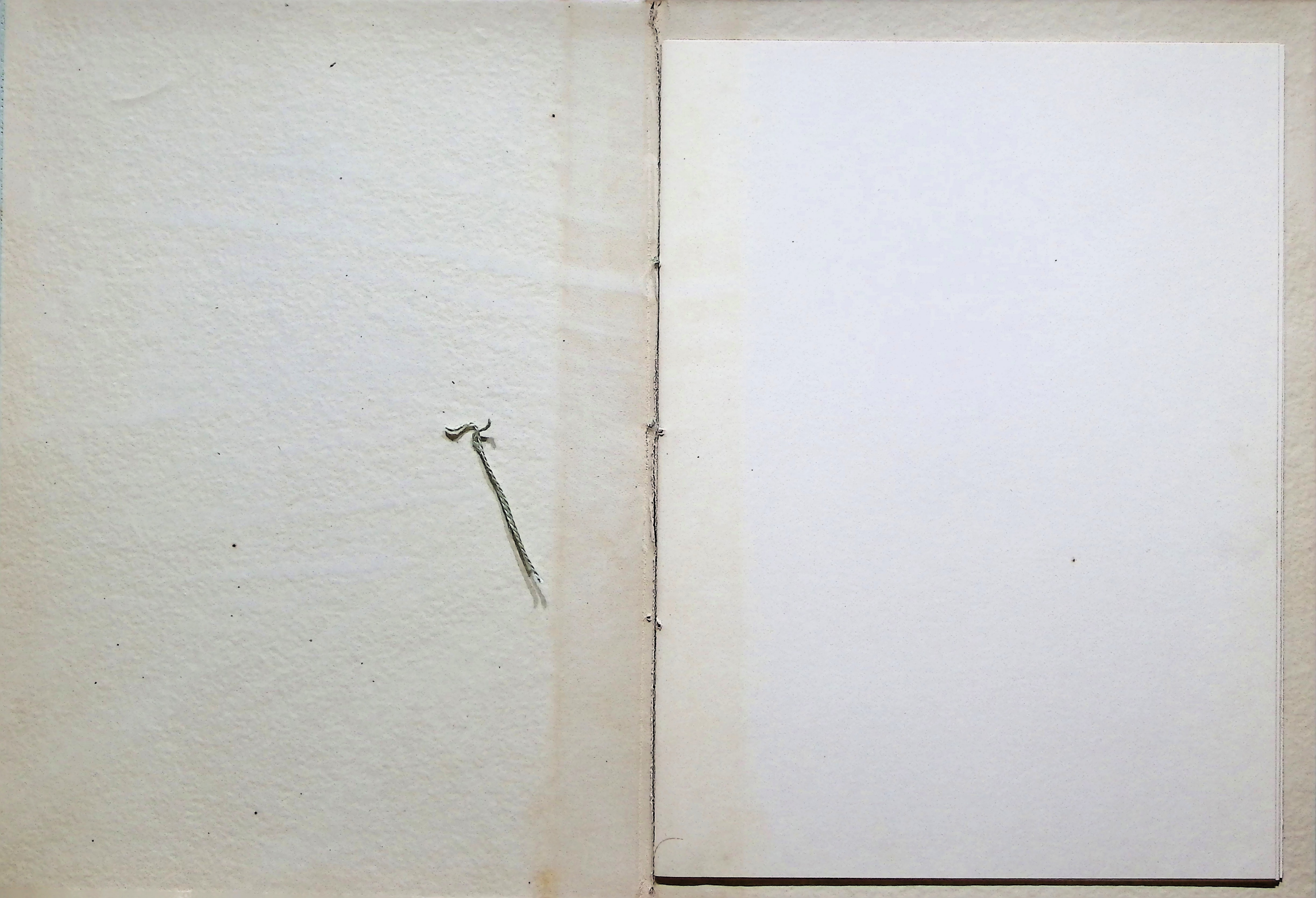


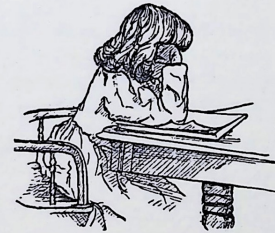
A Little Girl's  
Story







A LITTLE GIRL'S  
STORY



Salem: A·A·Stewart

1897



*This story was written when the writer  
was a little girl, and is now printed for  
her daughter, Katharine Lee Stewart,  
aged five years. Twenty copies privately  
printed at Salem, Mass. . . . April, 1897.*

- 4 -



ONCE upon a time, ever so long ago, there were some good fairies who lived in a forest of maple-sugar trees. They were very good fairies indeed, and when it was time to make maple sugar they invited all the children who lived near by to come and help them.

The children were dressed in their best white tidies, and when



they were ready, Fairy Tom the coachman drove round in a nice big sleigh and took them to the camp.

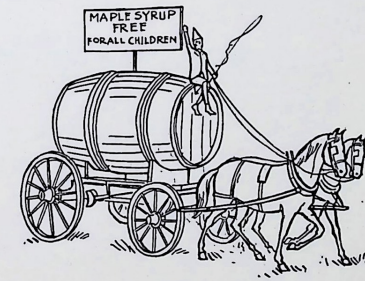
And they did have such a good time! Although some of them burned their fingers and tongues with the hot syrup, they didn't cry a bit.

But, try hard as they could, they couldn't eat all of it, for there were lots of trees in the forest, and after they had eaten all they wanted there was a great deal left.

And what do you think the fairies did with it?



No, they didn't sell it. They got a great wagon with a big barrel on it, like the watering cart on Washington street, and painted a sign on it like this:



Then Tom drove down into the city, and wherever he went you could have seen children running to him with cups, and



bowls, and pitchers, and some of the greedy ones had great big boilers!

And if I had been there, I think I would have had a boiler, wouldn't you?

—Edna Silver Staten.



